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Congo News Letter

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A KINTUADI MEETING

"Kintuadi" is the Kikongo word for fellowship, and kintuadi was the key word of a meeting which was held in July. It was a meeting of the pastors and head teachers of the three mission stations, Vanga, Moanza, and Kikongo. It was held at Mbonga, one of the district church centers in our Kikongo field.

It was the first time that such a meeting had been held. The decision to hold it was formed some months before, but there had not been opportunity for representatives from the three stations to get together to make plans or a program, so that had to be done by correspondence. Sometimes letters were sent between Moanza and Kikongo by intermediary of Dr. Freas at Vanga, sometimes by post and sometimes directly by messenger. The last-named method, taking two weeks for the round trip, was the quickest. Sometimes it was necessary to write before answer had come to the last message. And sometimes it was necessary for one or another station to come to some definite decision without consulting the others. Yet we found, upon arriving at Mbonga, that there was a unanimity of purpose and ideas that could mean only one thing to us: very clear guidance and truly a "fellowship of the Holy Spirit".

There were seventy delegates, with Moanza and Kikongo about equally represented, and Vanga having the largest delegation. A few rode bicycles, but the great majority had come on foot. Only nine lived near enough to arrive the same day that they left home, the average length of travel being three and a half days. Interestingly enough, the man who came the farthest is within the Kikongo field itself,

far to the west and south of Mbonga. He had traveled ten days on foot to come to the meeting. We were happy and proud to have a woman among the delegates, and we hope it is a forecast of days to come when women will increasingly take their place among the Christian leaders of Congo. This woman, Hélène Ngudikumba, is a full time member of the staff of the central school at Kikongo.

Although it was a new venture, the local church had been enthusiastic about having the meeting there, and had made the best preparations for it that they could. Large grass hangars were used for dormitories, in which had been built low bedsteads of sticks coverd with reed mats. The delegates brought their own blankets. Two palm branch shelters had been built, one as a dining room and the other as a kitchen. Here the women of the local and nearby villages came and prepared the manioc, rice, greens, salt fish, pumpkin seeds. The hunter helped make the meeting a success by killing three wild pigs which were eaten with relish.

The church and the regional school building gave ample room for general meetings, classes, and discussion groups. The ten days that we spent at Mbonga were busy ones, and both teachers and members of the classes felt that more time could have been used profitably. The forenoons were spent in classes, and the afternoons in forums. Smithy had sent his agricultural monitor ahead to make preparations so that he was able to give some practical and helpful demonstrations in agriculture. A very popular time was the singing period in which new choruses were learned, and a contest was held for a special assembly song. Several delegates wrote verses, and the winning song was chosen by acclaim. It was later printed in the little mimeographed leaflet of summaries and notes that each delegate took home with him.

The classes that awakened the most enthusiasm and seemed the most helpful were Viola Smith's Familycraft (how to build and maintain. a Christian home) and the Bible classes, one on the Corinthian epistles by Lewis Brown and a series on the Holy Spirit in which Brownie, Bill Robbins, and Ben

Armstrong all had a part. The lessons were practical and the truth struck home as revealed by a comment to Lewis Brown one day a propos the Corinthian letters: Say, how did the people who wrote the Bible know so much about us Basuku?

Every morning at six a worship service was held, led by different native pastors from the three stations. At the Sunday morning service the preacher was Samuel Mfuta whom some of you have met in the booklet "Where Humble Hearts Receive Him". Mfuta has been a faithful Christian worker all these years since he first "received Him". His theme this Sunday morning was Fellowship, and in the true African way he brought out his point skilfully by parables. One that he told was of two oxen, a black and white one, who daily went to pasture together, returned to the stable together, and enjoyed a peaceful, happy life. The leopard wanted very much to have them for his prey but united they were too much for him, and he was afraid of their long horns. So one day he went to Black Ox and said: White Ox is very proud of his color, he considers himself much superior to you. Of course Black Ox began to look askance at White Ox and to be suspicious of all that he said and did. Then Leopard went to White Ox, and this is what he said: Do you know that Black Ox is always trying to get something for himself? All he thinks of is getting as much hay or corn as possible. The next morning as the oxen left the stable to go to pasture, they eyed each other suspiciously and began swinging their long horns against each other. They refused to eat together, one went one way and the other another way. Leopard saw this with satisfaction. That very day he came, killed and ate White Ox, who alone was not able to offer effective resistance. Later he returned at his leisure, killed and ate Black Ox, all because the two did not trust each other and had refused to work together.

Each day reached its climax in the evening evangelistic service led by Lewis Brown. The call was especially for a new and full consecration. We could feel the Holy Spirit working, but just as distinctly could we feel decided opposition.

The desire for money, for power, for honor is very strong and not easily to be overcome. Next to the last day came a showdown. Brownie felt led to call for an open declaration on the part of those who would re-consecrate themselves wholly to God — and no one but the missionaries came forward. Those who might have felt drawn to come were evidently held back by their fear of others, and remarks like these were heard: Why should we go up and kneel in the sight of men? Did we not give ourselves to God long ago?

That evening and a good deal of the next day were spent in prayer that the Holy Spirit might have His way in all hearts. We came to the last meeting with much humility and not without some feeling of fear. Brownie spoke with great feeling and power, and from the first it was evident that prayer was being answered abundantly. When the call came for those who would unreservedly give themselves to the Lord, it was not by ones that they came, but by groups, until practically all who were in the church were kneeling together and offering up their hearts, their talents, their all. Then they could pray! And then they could sing! Some asked forgiveness of others for what had been said and done previously. It turned into a thanksgiving service, and it was with reluctance that we finally, after a long time, parted from each other with a final God speed, and having made a pact that every day at noon we will remember each other and the work of all three stations in prayer.

As we think back over those days and try to evaluate them, we realize that we cannot know now how much good was done or how far their influence will go. But it was unanimous that we had all found it good to be there. The village people who had done most of the work so that our physical needs were cared for, have expressed real appreciation. They felt it was a privilege to do the entertaining and have thanked for the morning and evening services which were open to all. Pastors and teachers from the different stations told us again and again of the real help they were receiving from the classes and the inspirational meetings, and are hopeful that such a "summer assem-

bly" can become a regular thing. A number of times we heard the remark: Why did we never we do this before? It has helped us so much to become acquainted with people from the other stations and discuss the work with them. And the missionaries present—perhaps they benefitted most of all from the fellowship—echoed Peter's words wistfully when he wanted to stay on the mountain, and they wished it were possible to stay together at some central point and still carry forward the work at all three stations. Now we are back at those stations, and the daily work is pressing in on us; but we are all better for having had our kintuadi meeting.

RHODA ARMSTRONG

WHEN THE DOCTOR COMES

Unusually early one morning some men were laboriously tugging away at one of our little mud buildings. On seeing them I said to the hospital kapita, "Mutombokadi, What are those fe lows doing to that house?" "Why, they are bracing it up of course, if they don't where are they going to sleep? They expect to be operated on tomorrow." Knowing that the doctor is to arrive the next day there is much activity around the hospital. The patients and their helpers are all very busy preparing for his coming; new sticks are being put into the beds, dirt floors are being sprinkled with lysol solution, bamboo mats are rapidly woven together. Soap is distributed so that the patients who expect to be operated may go to the water and take several good baths before they are actually prepared for surgery. For many of them it is perhaps the first time in their lives that they have had a good soap bath. Some resent very much having to wash off the palm oil and soot which they have put on to make their bodies beautiful. One patient even refused to be examined by the doctor if the examination involved taking a bath; it did, so he went back to his village.

The infirmiers are also unusually busy because linens must be wrapped and sterilized, the operating room given a special cleaning, solutions prepared, cards written up and

everything put in order before the doctor actually arrives. Now everything is ready but the doctor has not yet come. "Mama, when will the doctor be here? Where do you think he is"? Mama says, "You know just as much about that as I do, you know we expected him to-day but he hasn't arrived, he has a long way to come."

The next morning when we gather for prayers we hear something like this; "We are expecting Tata doctor but he hasn't arrived, we don't know what is wrong but Lord you know all about it and can bring him safely here so he can operate on us. You know that car he drives doesn't have any eyes but you can guide him so he will arrive here safely."

Late that night the doctor drives in. Almost everybody on the station knows it except the nurse who had decided to retire thinking it would be impossible for him to get here at that late hour because there is a ferry on the Wamba river which ordinarily doesn't cross after sundown.

About four-thirty the next morning I was called for a maternity case. Can you imagine my surprise when I saw people already gathered on the veranda of the hospital and the infirmiers already scurrying around. I said, "What has happened?" "Tata docteur is here, he came last night." They had come hoping to be first. There were folks with various afflictions waiting to see what the Munganga could do for them. Among the first was a woman with "something growing in her abdomen." For two years the husband had sought the aid of witch doctors but to no avail, the thing still kept getting larger. Having heard what the Mission doctor was doing at Kikongo he decided to come here as a last resort. I wish you could have seen their faces when they saw this hugh tumor in a basin; jaws dropped, mouths fell open and eyes bulged, What could it be! The husband was stunned to think that it was possible to remove this thing that had caused his wife so much grief. He wept because he had spent so much money on witch doctors without getting any help and now in just a few minutes it was here in the pan. He said, "Just see how they fool us".

An old man who had been suffering for some time with a pain in his abdomen was sure that the doctor could end his trouble if he would only open him up and take out a lump of rubber which he said he had swallowed three years before. When the doctor examined him and found nothing the old man was quite chagrined. What was he to do. He had tried the witch doctors and now the Mission doctor and couldn't get help, must he just go to the village and die? "What kind of a witch was it that even the white doctor was afraid of?"

The woman from way down in the Bayaka country was anxiously waiting to see what the doctor could do for her. She was happy when he told her that the thing that was growing in her neck could be removed; because she was sure that she had been bewitched otherwise what could cause a thing like that. Again there was great astonishment when the tumor was removed and placed in a pan where everybody could see it. The hospital kapita takes great delight in showing off all the specimens and to tell the people what the Mission doctor can do. He often says, "Can your witch doctor do that?' There were many others waiting; patients with hernias, large, medium and small, elephantiasis cases and many with minor ailments. A man with an enlarged spleen insisted "that this stone must be removed" having had it there for a long time and being quite sure that no medicine would help. He took a few doses of quinine, but decided if he couldn't be operated he would return to his village. A question we are asked time and again is, "why can't you help me, you operated on so and so now he is well, why don't you do the same for me.

Every day while the doctor is here the veranda is crowded with sick folk, all hoping to have their aches and pains removed with the surgeon's knife. The old man with the rubber in his tummy returns time and again, hoping that the doctor will change his mind and remove the lump in his abdomen. There was a time when the ntumbu (injection) was the marvelous cure-all. I have actually seen patients sit down and weep when they weren't given an injection. That marvel has been put into the background since they see the mir-

acles performed by "Tata docteur."

While the doctor is here we are busy in the operating room from early morn until late at night. There are twenty-eight or thirty patients to be operated in just the two or three days that the doctor can stay. All day long, one by one they are carried in and out of the operating room. I am sure the folk on the outside breathe a sigh of relief every time they see the patient come out alive, "because who knows what these white people will do with our mpangi". (relative)

All the time the operating is going on crowds gather around the operating room. They always stand off in the distance but always hope to get a little peek into the room where so many mysterious things are done.

Time has come when the doctor must return to his post. The man with the lump of rubber, and the man with the enlarged spleen are back again, hoping that with just one more trial they can persuade the doctor to remove the offending part. We are in the consultation room talking about the doctor's next visit when in walks about a dozen people. What do they want at this late hour! "Oh, we want to know when the doctor is going to operate on us". He tried to assure them that he will be coming again and will get around to all of them.

They are all eager to have their bodies healed and we trust that at the same time they may also find healing for their souls. We want them to get acquainted with the Great Physician who alone can heal all ills.

AGNES H. ANDERSON

CONGO MISSION CONFERENCE 1943

When some of us from the "bush" stations arrived at Leopoldville for one of our infrequent visits to "the big city" a striking British war poster faced us in prominent places throughout the city. There was a fine likeness of Winston Churchill with his moving challenge to the Allied Nations, "LET US GO FORWARD TOGETHER". The significance of his statement could not escape us when we met representatives of the war personnel of several of our Allies on the

streets, - including some of our own American men and boys. Taking these same words and giving them spiritual meaning, we suggest that they might well have been our theme in Conference this year.

For several successive years, the "us" as applied to the missionary group has been a steadily smaller number until a note of confident advance cannot humanly come from that source. Necessary furloughs and retirements with the difficulties of return passage and of arrival of new recruits spell the story of ever increasing responsibility. All the formerly organized departments of missionary activity have to be conducted and wide open doors beckon with insistence that we enter with our great Good News. How can we say nay? However, there are a few of us who remain and we know full well that it is not alone we work. Various war situations have brought to us the splendid service of two missionary couples from European Protestants. Mr. and Mrs. Baiotti have now for three years cooperated with us with exceptional efficiency and spiritual unity. For several months during the past year, Sona Bata enjoyed rich fellowship with Dr. and Mrs. Bréchet, while they helped with their fine professional skill. For the first time since '34 a new couple has arrived, — well nigh miraculously. The long and dangerous journey of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Metzger thru submarine-infested Atlantic is a story of faith, courage and consecration worthy of missionary parents, our retired Mr. and Mrs. Paul Metzger. With magnificent spirit, they have accepted pressing burdens without the benefit of adequate time for language study. However, the "us" has outstanding significance this year. The finding and training of African Christian leaders has not been spectacular thru the years but has been a steadily growing process. In these times of unusual stress, some of these have emerged as men and women of ability and spiritual insight. They have carried heavy responsibilities in cooperation with the missionaries and now representative men from each station sat with us in joint conference sessions. It was a memorable experience.

"Together" reports of the activities and problems from the stations were presented in the Kikongo language. Congo has

been singularly fortunate that the ravages of war have not swept thru the land destroying mission properties, killing and scattering our people. Nevertheless, every report indicated the abnormal conditions and difficulties caused by the world conflagration. Congo's contribution to the war effort has not been a small one and it can easily be foreseen that she can never again be casually dismissed to hide her human potentialities and material wealth in the depths of her forest jungles, along the waters of her mighty rivers, and over her mountainous barriers. Is the Church of Christ in Congo strong enough to steady her in these present cataclysmic days and to help determine what she will do and be in that future day? To satisfactorily answer the question means that the church must have a much more rapidly growing group of trained, consecrated men for full time Kingdom service. Why does not a larger percentage of graduates from the station boarding schools commit themselves unreservedly to Christ and His work? Our educational aims, policies, and methods as well as the ambitions, needs and legitimate desires of African youth were all frankly debated. Again, from the report came the fact that the indigenous church as a whole has failed to assume responsibility commensurate with the number of years of missionary supervision It was a searching question for the conference to face and for the African leaders to take to their local churches. To meet the challenge of the present, and the demand upon the church for the future, it was also found that the witness and power of the church must be restored by a new cleansing from pagan practice and social evils. Church standards as given in the Word of God must be maintained by constant teaching, but it was recognized that the work of the Holy Spirit alone can make rules and discipline a matter of deep, personal conviction until they are the guiding principles of every-day life.

A missionary personnel reduced below the minimum necessary to even supervise the departments of church, school and hospital, - and yet, we say "forward". African leadership coming from only a small group of men and women who are already working and giving themselves beyond reasona-

ble demand, - yet, we say "forward together": God has assured us that our little is much if God be in it and that our few are many when we march with the divine legions. In the Banza Manteke field missionary visitation and stirring appeals that are being met with repentance and return of backsliders must be continued and carried forward. The story of a great conference of literate women in the Sona Bata field thrilled us and pointed the way to the forward steps that must be taken with African women and girls. The success that has come in dealing with the clamoring, shifting youth population of West Leopoldville stirs the man of vision to see the place of influence that the witnessing church of Christ must continue to exert in that strategic center. The challenge in commercial and industrial posts in the Kwango, open in unprecedented measure to the Christian message and teaching, must be met by placing of teachers mentally keen and most of all strong and wise in Christian character. The fruitful leper work at Sona Bata; larger numbers than ever before receiving surgical or maternity care in the Kwango; the loyal and efficient service of many Medical School graduates all point to the medical work as an inestimable ally in evangelism that simply knows no limit. Verily it must be "forward together".

Retirements have frequently thinned the ranks and this year we were obliged to release our first Mission Secretary, who has so loyally and willingly kept on past the regular time for retirement. While Mr. MacDiarmid has officially held the position and his initials easily gave him the term of affection, "Pa", the work has been such a uniquely united one that Mrs. MacDiarmid has very naturally been "Ma" to the missionaries. It has been exceedingly hard to realize that we no longer have the right to claim or urge further service on the field but how thankful we are for the years of fellowship, the help so often and unfailingly given and the assurance that theirs will be a continued service of intercession for Congo wherever they are.

The daily hours of worship, prayer and meditation together were choice periods thru the conference. The Master was very near one evening as "Ma" vividly brought to our

remembrance His words to discouraged, tired disciples to "launch out into the deep" and who "nevertheless at *His word*", obeyed and learned that He holds the secrets of real success. May we too learn with them the lesson of faith and obedience, and may we, black and white, be called to be "fishers of men".

"Forward thru the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine;
Gifts in differing measure,
Hearts of one accord,
Manifold in service,
One the sure reward.

Not alone we conquer,
Not alone we fall;
In each loss or triumph
Lose or triumph all.
Bound by God's far purpose
In one living whole,
Move we on together
To the shining goal."

SUSIE BROWN

VACATIONING IN CONGO.

There are so many drawbacks to taking a vacation in Congo that consequently few people take them. It is not that vacations are not recommended by both the home board and the field, for to keep going year after year without a break is hardly recommended for anyone; but mainly it is a question of already overburdened staffs having to take on more responsibility if even one person should leave for a few weeks. This year with the impossibility of getting to America and the great need in our own family of giving our children a boost in a more invigorating climate than the Lower Congo can offer, it seemed best to divide our household and see what other parts of Congo could offer. Of course it would have been

a much nicer vacation if we could have had our daddy with us, but who then would have taken care of all the sick people at Sona Bata? After we returned home Dean said, "I never never want to go away from home again without my daddy!" However, after only a few days, his daddy has already left us for a medical trip to Banza Manteke!

The first and hardest question to settle was where to go. We finally decided on the Ituri district near Lake Albert, a little beyond the Mountains of the Moon, where we had been told the altitude was high. Were I to have the opportunity of choosing again, I would go right back to the same place! With many grateful thanks to the government of the Belgian Congo who gave us free passage, we started out the first part of June on the 1000 mile river trip to Stanleyville, taking 11 days up, down—stream journey is 7 days only.

The little river steamer was pleasant with many of the advantages of an ocean liner without the pitch and roll which make some of us succumb to seasickness. How often I thought of the difference between our trip on the Congo river and that first memorable trip of Stanley's when it was even necessary for him to stop at times to wage war in order to continue. The terrific heat of the Congo river can make it very unpleasant at certain times of the year, but we were blessed both going and returning with cool breezes. As the boat tied up each evening, Ruth, Dean, and Louise Anne became fascinated with the little Congo children who would run down to the shore, clap their hands and sing—as an invitation for a coin to be dropped into the water. The result of a dropped coin was a grand scramble, for each wanted to be the lucky winner.

On the boat were also two graduates of this year from our Kimpese Pastor's school on their way back to their stations up river, one from Yalemba and one from Yakusu(B.M.S. stations). As we passed these two places, we watched with great interest the canoes as they came out for these lads, their families and their baggage. It was pretty to see the shore crowded with people to welcome their friends back home. At another place we had the privilege of seeing one of our

EPAMAC graduates who is now in State work. It was a real joy to visit with him and his wife and to hear of their opportunities of witnessing for Him.

If my geography of the Belgian Congo has in the past been vague, it has improved somewhat during the past 4 months. From Stanleyville we continued toward the interior by car. Since there are no trains, a company has organized car and truck lines all through the Upper Congo. One Thursday morning about half past seven we started out with three others in a 7-passenger Plymouth. Our first two days took us through the big Ituri forest, up hill and down, around curves, passing an Okapi farm (the only place in the world where they are found), catching glimpses of those interesting little people, the pigmies, as they ran into the forest at the sound of the car, while three little pairs of eyes kept watching, ever watching from the car for baboons which frequently crossed the road in front of the car. Gradually we left the palm trees behind and entered the denser part of the forest, the monotony of the trees being broken from time to time by river crossings on ferries.

As we reached the last river before starting our real climb, we could see before us on the other side big, big hills covered with grass and scattered with patches of trees. The distinct contrast to what we had been passing through made it a beautiful sight indeed. As we climbed these hills farms came into view with herds of cattle grazing on the hillsides, and small fields of corn, wheat, and rye. We stopped at one of these farms so that the children could have a look at the animals, among them being the first horse Dean and Louise Anne could ever remember having seen. We continued to climb until we reached Blukwa, 6800 feet elevation compared to 1700 feet at Sona Bata. From there we could see miles in every direction with a beautiful skyline of hills and valleys. On clear days one could see the snow-capped peak of the Ruwenzori (Mountains of the Moon) 100 miles distance. Part of our time was spent at Blukwa and part at Rethi where the children especially enjoyed the companionhip of the 56 children in the white school there.

Was it cold? Indeed yes, with emphasis on the yes. We even had the privilege of eating ice cream made with Congo hail. We reveled in berries, cream, and fresh milk. Though it took us most of a month to reach our destination, to say that Dean came home 13 pounds heavier with Ruth and Louise Anne also having gained is enough to know that our vacation was a real success. We pray that because of it we may be better and more understanding missionaries during the year ahead.

JEANNETTE TUTTLE

ELIZABETH LUCY RUSSELL

Elizabeth Lucy Russell in a little over two years of life won her way into the hearts of a host of people. Her ready smile easily expanded into merry laughter and attracted many who gazed in wonderment and approval as she rode in her carriage, and more latterly trudged about the paths. The natives have thoughtfully testified that she was a child who though white belonged to white and black folk, loving them and beloved by them. Such indeed was the case.

She early learned little acts of service in the home, then carrying letters to members of the station staff, and fruit to the sick in the hospital.

In play she seemed to have boundless energy, and, full of mischief, revelled in the looks of dismay which adults occasionally cast upon her many little pranks.

In public worship on Sundays during recent months her example of quiet attentiveness made an indelible impression on native minds, and earned for her the titles of "our little teacher", "a light in our midst", "good rain softening the hearts of the people."

Parental instruction coupled with Elizabeth's loving nature drew forth the love and best in others, enabled her to spend these all too few years imbibing and exhaling as it were the perfume of celestial flowers, and we think of her now as one peculiarly choice blossom growing ever more lovely in the Garden of God.

THE TONDO STAFF

ELIZABETH LUCY RUSSELL

April 14, 1941, - - - August 20, 1943
Tondo, Lac Tumba

(*Makutu ma Nkanga—first born daughter of a doctor*)

Makutu was a very good child in her body, and in her manner of walking in our midst. All her days she was very close to her father and mother; and she walked with her father and mother sometimes to the hospital that she might see the work of her father. And we thought that if she grew up she would in turn do work similar to her father and mother. Though she was but a little child she had desire to chat with people. She was a child of two years old.

But, after few days she became ill, and her father and mother did all in their power to help to make her well, but the strength of death was greater, and so the child died the 20th of August at five o'clock in the morning.

Because of the great love of people for her, the church was filled with people to praise God because of her.

MBAKI D. MOSES, Infirmier-diplomé.

* * *

The death of our little Elizabeth Russell has touched the hearts of the many people who are still in the darkness of sin. I will miss her sweet little voice with which she used to call me at my door every morning as she passed for her morning walk. She ran to meet her father when he came from his work: "Daddy, Daddy", she would say.

She has won the love of the Africans; young and old are grieving at the death of Elizabeth. Her sweet little voice will ring in my ears forever for I loved the little one much.

"Sleep on, Beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best."

MARGARET G. RATTRAY
Bible woman & teacher

* * *

As I see it, what an incomparable loss because of our teacher and her death a person of kindness and lover of people! She had such happiness that I know if her youth

was thus, her adult years would have been much more so. In my thought and heart I see that the end should not have come in youth, but endured till maturity. As I write this message I have sorrow because I shall not again see the face of Makutu, yet I have this hope that if I work deeds of kindness and in the manner of Jesus, we shall meet again.

She was as a little lamb before the shepherd, obedient. Makutu from the beginning was a good light shining for us, and as a good rain softening the hearts of people. I who write these words believe that with a faithful following we have hope in the Saviour Jesus of which we read in John 14:1-6.

MAAMBI JOSEPH, Hospital Evangelist.

***

Friends, incomparable palaver!

And of the kindness of Makutu, as we speak and as we write our eyes shed tears because of the love of the teacher. Makutu has left us who are deformed with illnesses. Where she now is we do not know but we believe that we shall meet again. Our teacher had such kindness. If her mother and father did not bring her to see us she teased them much until she came to see us, and when we saw each other we laughed and we were very happy. Should we tell all the story one by one it would be too long and grief would multiply.

we: NSOMBELE MALIA and MATULI ELISA
Leper patients at the hospital.

***

She was a little child who loved people very much. And she showed much kindness and was good to everyone, both adults and children. She came to know us very well and frequently greeted us and those with weak bodies at the hospital. By her goodness and greetings she told people of her love for them and that she did not refuse them in her heart.

If you became ill, Makutu greeted you and showed you kindness. She was a little child, but she filled the hearts of her friends with rejoicing by her love to all. Because of her greetings we shall never, never forget her.

MEETI ELIZABETH, Deaconess and teacher.

And had God seen fit to answer our prayers, Makutu would not have left us and truly we would not have this sorrow. Still we have great joy because she did nothing evil and now she is in the glory of God the Comforter. Therefore we pray to God that He may remove far from her mother and her father all sorrow and fill their hearts with joy.

KOTO HENRY, Aide-infirmier

* * * *

Great joy to tell you about our Child-teacher. Makutu ma Nkanga began to grow in our midst in the likeness of God, a good child who went to church and was quiet listening to the way things were done at the services.

I went time after time to the hospital and (passing the house) she chatted with me and some days we played much together. She never had frowns, she did not curse and backbite, but always did that which was kind and the will of God. She had a reputation among the people not only in Tondo, but in all villages.

She was a good person who took after her mother and father. We people of the world should learn to do as she did. Our teacher-doctor did not teach his child to refuse or spurn people but he taught her of God, and all rejoiced at the things which she did to people though she was a little child. If we love God in truth we shall meet again some day.

NKENDO MARTHA, school girl

SONA BATA NEWS

Since April, Sona Bata has experienced a strange exodus of missionaries. First, Dr. and Mrs. Bréchet of the Phil-African Mission left us for Angola where their Mission is established. We are very grateful for their excellent help during the past year in our Medical School and Sona Bata Hospital.

In May, our 'Pa' and 'Ma Mac'-Mr. and Mrs. MacDiarmid —and Wendy departed for the Homeland. It was hard to see them go, all the more sad, because we do not expect to see them back again. A large gathering of Congolese, among them Medical students, workmen and school children, joined with the missionaries in waving good-bye to them at the railway

station. We are glad to hear that they have safely arrived at their destination and wish them a happy time in U.S.A. They have left us, but their good work is going on. Since their departure, 906 have been baptized during our Dry Season meetings in the Sona Bata field.

In June Mrs. Tuttle and children— Ruth, Dean and Louise Anne- sailed away from us up the River to the northeastern part of Belgian Congo for a visit with friends of the Africa Inland Mission. Now we are ver happy to have them in our midst again. They have returned from a country where there are no palm trees and no bananas, but where strawberries and cream abound. We rejoice to see Dean so well now, with his additional 13 pounds. Ruth and Louise Anne also look well. The roses on Louise Anne's cheeks did not, however, keep until she came back to Sona Bata.

It is a great joy to us to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Roland Metzger to our station. They came here in August from Banza Manteke. Already they have begun a long itinerary in our district.

VENDLA ANDERSON

VANGA NEWS

The dry season has been a full one for us, as it must have been for all our colleagues, short-staffed as every one of our stations is. Even so, all of us here except Dr. Freas managed to take a week or so off somewhere.

First, Ruth Dickey, accompanied by Agnes Anderson from Kikongo, attended the Kwango Keswick Conference, held at Lusemvu, a day's drive from Kikwit. Before she returned, with three visiting missionaries to see the doctor, the Robbins had left for a much-needed vacation at Moanza. There the Freases drove two weeks later to bring them back with Doctor putting in two days of surgical work.

Upon our return we found both guest houses occupied with two families of guest-patients, one of which is still here— Mrs. Chambers of the Canadian Baptist Mission has been very, very ill for three months. Meanwhile the doctor had a midnight call to Kikwit to operate on Mrs. Jantz of the U.T.M.,

which, because of her unsatisfactory condition, has necessitated two subsequent trips there. The urgent need of his presence here on the station due to Mrs. Chambers serious illness, with no trained nurse to help him, has prevented his completing his village recensement and required his immediate return from Kikongo, where he drove Lily and me for a two weeks' vacation, and where he had hoped to operate at that time. The 250 operations he has performed since May brings the total up to 800 for the year since his arrival, performed at all three of our Kwango stations.

Just before this, however, THE BIG EVENT of the season took place the arrival of ALICE JORGENSON, for whom we had so anxiously been waiting for some months. She simply stepped off the mail boat one morning in August, having travelled by plane from Leopoldville to Kikwit faster than her letter She had an uneventful trip of over two months via Lisbon and Matadi. How thankful we were to have her safely here, even tho we had to lose her soon to our patiently waiting colleagues at Moanza. Before going there, however, she spent a week with the Robbins at one of their teachers' institutes and two weeks or more helping care for Mrs. Chambers, which enabled Dr. Freas to drive back to Kikongo to get his family.

Meanwhile the most important part of our field work was being carried on by the Robbins, who held institutes for village teachers at four different church centers, as well as attending the Mbonga Conference, the first meeting of pastors and teachers from our three Kwango mission stations (which I trust is being reported on elsewhere at length), and by Miss Dickey, who carried out a well-rounded program at six girls' camps, held at church centers in the regional school buildings. At each of these she had over one hundred girls, nearly two hundred at one, and at the conclusion of each there was always a group, sometimes large, sometimes small, who had taken a stand for their Lord and Saviour.

Miss Dickey's as well as Robbins' experiences, each would make a story of its own. Suffice it to say tha Bill and Helen had a really splendid time at their institutes, each one

being better than the last, in spite of the many discouraging conditions existing in the field, with which they are unable to cope saisfactorily due to the magnitude of the task and of the territory! Several of their staff had been with them at the Mbonga Conference, which had culminated in a real spiritual experience of surrender and self-dedication for them all. And this was reflected again in their days together with the teachers, many of whom came to them, their native colleagues, for the first time for spiritual help in personal interviews, as well as to their missionaries.

Nor must I forget to mention the spirited work of three gospel teams, made up of boys from the Central School, each led by one of their teachers. They made a real contribution to the Lord's work in their witnessing for Him and returned, bubbling over with enthusiasm and full of stories of their experiences, spiritual as well, which have undoubtedly helped them to grow and develop in their walk with the Master.

So it is with high spirits and expectations that we are now entering upon a new school term with an enrollment of 180 boys in the Central School and 145 girls in Miss Dickey's school. Teachers and pupils have started off in a fine spirit of enthusiasm and cooperation, which, with our Saviour as guide and source of strength and inspiration, should bode well for a happy and successful year.

KATHERINE S. FREAS

LEOPOLDVILLE NEWS

The Leopoldville Matondo was held a month late this year, because we had hoped to have Mr. & Mrs. Hall with us for the occasion. A women's meeting was held Saturday afternoon and there was an unusually fine spirit in the meeting. Munsekila, of Sona Bata, gave a fine message on "Mary kept all these things in her heart". He stressed the importance of learning the difficult lesson of keeping the best things in life. We have to learn to keep our money and other material things in order that we can meet the needs of life. But the greatest thing of all is to keep the teachings of Christ, to hide His Word in our heart in order that we may have some-

thing to give out to others. If our hearts are empty how can we give out to others?

On Sunday morning at 6:45 we all gathered in the church. The names of those who were to be baptized were called and as they stood lined up down the aisle of the church they were committed to God in prayer that they might realize the full significance of the step they were about to take. We all went down to the stream and before the two pastors went out into the water every head was bowed in prayer, and then as everyone joined reverently in singing a hymn the candidates went into the water two by two until 20 had given public testimony of their desire to walk with Him in the Way of Life.

At 8:30 we again gathered for a joint Lingala-Kikongo service, after which about 180 took part in communion. Tho there were many tribes and languages represented we were one in Christ.

The afternoon service was held in the open air in order to accomodate the crowd. The school children sang several songs and recited Bible verses and Munsekila gave a message on The Light of the World. He asked several questions of the audience such as-If you want to go hunting in the forest do you go in the dark? If you want to go to the stream to get water do you go in the dark? If you want to journey from one village to the next do you go at night? To each of these questions the audience answered in unison "No". He also said, why do you not go about in the dark, because you fear wild animals, snakes, etc. He who walks in the dark walks in fear. He who walks in the light need have no fear. If you have not let the Light of the World into your heart you live in fear, and you face the future in fear. Christ alone can remove this fear and give you the Light of Life."

LINDA WATKINS

* * * *

"We cannot be interested in Jesus without being interested in the people who are seated on the wayside of life, out of its central stream." — STANLEY JONES

HERE AND THERE

We were very happy to receive news of the safe arrival in America of Mr. and Mrs. MacDiarmid and Catherine, and also Mr. and Mrs. Henry Erickson.

* * * *

We are so happy to have Alice Jorgenson back with us again and we were glad to see her looking so well. We wish you a happy term of service Alice.

* * * *

Our hearts were grieved when word reached us of the death of little Elizabeth Russell of Tondo. Dr. and Mrs. Russell have the loving sympathy of all their A.B.F.M.S. colleagues. We trust that their vacation in South Africa may give them renewed health and courage to face the future.

* * * *

Letter has just reached us from Mrs. Hall telling us that they are still waiting for passage. We do hope that Margaret and Elmer will soon be able to rejoin us in Congo.

Ed.—

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term

BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Lena Youngsman
Rev. M.S.Engwall
Miss Mary Bonar

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A.Brown
Miss Alice Jorgenson

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D.Brown
Dr. and Mrs. R.Jones (B.M.S.)
Miss M.K.M. Chaplin (B.M.S.)
Miss Marguerite Eldredge

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. C.E.Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs. W.F.Robbins
Miss Ruth Dickey
Dr. and Mrs. H.M.Freas

KIMPESE

Miss Grace Cooper

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. G.W.Tuttle
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. R. Metzger

ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Rev. and Mrs. E.G.Hall
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Mrs. M.S.Engwall
Rev. and Mrs. E. Atkins
Miss Eva Shepard
Rev. and Mrs. J.E.Geil
Dr. C.L. Mabie
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Rev. and Mrs. G.W.Carpenter
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev. and Mrs. U.A.Lanoue
Dr. and Mrs. A.C.Osterholm
Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B.Russell (B.M.S.)